O. 14. 15. 8

A

POEM

On the Fall of the Southside of

S. Paul's Cathedrall.

To which is added,

A SATYRE

Against the Fanatick

BOUTEFEUS

OF

THESE TIMES.

And a Memoriall Offer'd up at the Tomb of the Incomparable

Mr. *JOHN CLEAVELAND.*

Never before exactly Printed.

Licensed and Published according to Order.

LONDON,

Printed, and are to be sold by *Roger Vaughan* in S. *Martins le grand.* 1662.

391-14

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND,

EDWARD DARELL

of *Calehill* in the County of *Kent*, Esq;

SIR,

THese Poems written some years since, like some Rivers and streams, which are transfus'd, and convey'd through severall Channells and Aquaducts, by the Injuries of erroneous Transcriptions, Rasure, mis-interpretation and the surreptitious Inadvertency of the Press have contracted much Dregs and Sediment. To restore the first to their native Integritie, and the Presse to its Genuine Puritie, I have made them Publick and offerd them up to your Name, whose Protection will I hope, like an Vmbrella or Skreen, rescue them from the Heat of Censure: For (Sir) I know you have both Art and Candor, which are so equally complicated and twisted together, that with the first you may winnow and judge, and with the last afford a benign and flexible Patronage to him who is

Sir,

Your most affectionate Servant

T. P.

On the Fall of St. PAUL's *Cathedrall.*

Homer's vaſt Illiads found ſo ſmall a Cell,
They were recluſe to th' Cloiſter of a Shell.
Their Fate attends this Ruine; *Pauls* muſt be
Unto it ſelf both URN and ELEGIE.
But muſt the Marble from thy Carkaſs rent,
Thy Glory once, now turn thy Monument?
Can there no Sheet, or Sere-cloath be allow'd,
But thy own Lead to be thy Fun'rall Shrowd?
And ſince by publick Vote this was thy doom,
Thou and Religion were to have one Tomb,
And wrap'd up in one common Ruine, lie
Buried ith' Grave of a wild Anarchy.
Muſt thou thy ſelf, thy crumbled ſelf interr,
And to thy ſelf be thy own Sepulchre?
Nay, muſt thy Ruines too, inſtead of Verſe,
Hang like dull Penons on thy ſcatter'd Hearſe?
Sure when the Eaſtern Monarchs ſhook a way
The narrow Circumſcription of their Clay,
'Twas thought contracted Mankind did expire,
And mix its Aſhes with their Funeral Fire:
Such *Hecatombs* of dying Tribes became
Unto their Urns both *Hecatomb* and Flame;
So now th' unhallow'd breath of ſtorms has thrown
This Pile into a rude Confuſion,
And from its aged head fierce Zeal has torn
That reverend Pomp which there ſo long was worn,
That now its face appears like wither'd Care,
Or wilder than the looks of Feavers are.
All other Churches, which like leſſer Rayes
That darted are from the Suns nobler blaze,
Did into Order and fair Figure fall,
As Tranſcripts drawn by this Originall,
Leſt this ſad Heap its Funeral Rites ſhould lack,
Should put on Ruines too like ſolemn black;
But if theſe will not, ſure the duſt of thoſe
That ſlumber in the ſilence and repoſe
Of their dark Urns, will like an Earthquake ſwell,
And break the gloomy Cloiſters of each Cell,
That treaſures up their drowſie clay, and make
All the Convulſed limbs of *London* ſhake

So long untill they drop one Heap, and be
At once its Mourner, Tomb, and Elegie.

An Invective againſt the Fanatick Bouteſeus *of theſe times. Writen* 1648. *Occationed upon the Armies interrupting the Treatie in the* Iſle *of* Wight.

SHould all thoſe various Gates whoſe Titles are
Enroll'd upon the Pilots Regiſter,
Breake from their drouſy Dens where they have laine
Bound up in Slumbers, and invade the maine,
They could not raiſe a ſtorme, like that which they
Raiſe in the Common-Wealth, who would betray
Our Peace to Civill war, in which the State,
Muſt Bleed it ſelfe to Death, and have the Fate
After its ſtock of Life is ſpent, to lie
Entomb'd ith' Rubbiſh of an Anarchie;
Should Ravens, Bats, and the ſhrill Owle conſpire
To twiſt their Notes into one Gen'rall Quire
And chuſe the Mandrake for their Chaunter, they
Could not thrill forth ſuch an ill boding Lay,
Or ſtrains ſo Jarring as do thoſe whoſe throats
Warble the Clamourous and untuneful Notes
Of Blood and Death, ſome Whirlewind ſure has tane
Its Lodging up in the Fanatick Braine
Of theſe bold Sons of Tumult, I dare ſay
They moulded were of ſome diſtemper'd *Clay*
Which from its centre was by Earthquakes torn,
A Tempeſt ſhooke the world when they were born
Sure from its Sphere th' Element of *Fire*
Is drop'd, and does their Boſoms now inſpire,
The Flame lock'd up in bold *Ravillack*'s Urn,
Is leap'd from thence and in their Hearts does burn.
Night open thy black *Womb*, and let out all
Thy dreadfull Furies, yet thoſe Furies ſhall
Not chill my Heart with any Fear, ſince *Day*
Hath Furies ſhewn, blacker by farre than they;
Let *Faux* now ſleep untill the *Day* of Doome
Open his Eyes forgotten in his Tombe,
Let none Revile his Duſt, his Name ſhall bee
Extirpated from every Hiſtorie,
To yeild a Room to others; for 'tis fit
Their Names in place of his ſhould now be writ
Who think that no Religion can be good
'Leſſe it be writ in Characters of Blood,

And left that Blood should seeme too cheap they'l drain,
T' improve its Rate, the rich *Basilick* Vein;
No marvell if the Rubrick then must be
Blotted from out the sacred Liturgie,
And those red Letters now no more be known;
They'le have no other Rubrick but their own.
But shall they thus impetuously roul on,
And meet not any Malediction?
Yes sure; May sleep, that mild and gentle Balm
Which all unkind Distempers does becalm,
Be unto them a Torture. May their Dreams
Be all of Murders, Rapes, and such like Theams,
And when they'r spent, may Wolves approach, and howl
To break their slumbers; May the Bat and Owle
Before their Gates, to usher in the Days
Unwelcome Light, screetch out their direfull Lays;
May sudden Flames their Houses melt away,
And Feavers burne their Houses too of Clay
'Mongst their disorder'd Humours may there be
A Deadly Feud and fatall Mutinie;
May all their Faculties and Senses be
Astonish'd by some drousie Lethargie,
That there may be allow'd them only sense
Enough to feele the Pangs of Conscience
Griping their Souls, that they who thought it Sin
T' have Peace without, may have no Peace within.

On Mr. John Cleaveland's *Poems.*

BEhold how here both Dove and Serpent twist
The Poet does entwine the Satyrist;
These Pages he one Common Bed does make,
Where do reside at once both Dove and Snake;
Yet though amidst these Leaves he seem to stick,
As on their stem, the Flowers of Rhetorick,
No Venome does debauch, or stain these Flowers;
No Serpent lurks amongst these hallow'd Bowers:
Although his Serpent hisse, it does not kill;
It may some salt, no Pois'nous steam distill;
It blisters not the Fame, nor does it Cast
Such Vapours forth as mens faire Honors blast;
You may his Snake, with the same Freedom clasp
As you these Leaves, or their rich Flowers do grasp:
Survey his Rebell Scot, and there you'l see
The Pourtraict in each Line of Loyaltie,

Who

Who though his Verſe does wound, and Pen does dart
Such Arrows forth, the Nation feels the Smart,
Yet done 'tis with ſuch Fineneſſe, they riſent
Their wounds both with Regret and Blandiſhment,
Although his Verſe pretends the Kings Diſguiſe
The ſenſe lies Naked yet to vulgar Eyes,
No Vaile does muffle up the Phraſe, the Text
Is not with ſullen Miſts or Clouds perplext,
Here * *Rupert* Cloiſter'd up in Lightning ſights
With the ſame Heat and Flame with which he writes,
As if that Courage which in him was ſeen
Had but the Tranſcript of this Poem been,
Though to *Kings* Learned Duſt ſtrict Fate allow'd
No Tomb nor Trophie, but a watry Shroud;
Yet here his Urne is fixt, which ſhall outvie
Vaine *Cleopatra*'s marble Pageantrie,
Where he the Fate of drowning twice ſhall ſhun,
Firſt in the Waves, then in Oblivion,
Here *Cupid* may retrive a freſh ſupply
To ſtock his Quiver from his Miſtris Eye,
Who from that Orb ſuch pointed Glances darts
She makes an *Holocauſt* of humane Hearts,
So that we juſtly may the bleeding Pile
An *Hecatomb* paid to Loves Altars, ſtile;
His Apparition proves ſo ſoft a Theme,
We wiſh our ſelves engag'd in ſuch a Dream;
When in the * Baptiſts Houſe to th' King he ſpoke
With thoſe calme Aires which from that Muſick broke
Which turn'd his Accents (like *Amphion*) He
Made the ſtones dance into new Simmetrie;
Laud in theſe ſheets enſhrin'd a Cere-Cloath wears
Beyond the Eaſterne Balme or Mourners Tears,
The liquid Salt which melted from his Pen,
Seem'd t' embalm his bloudie ſhroud agen;
And though that *Colcheſter* may ſeem to be
To *Liſle* and *Lucas*, Urne and Elegie;
Poſteritie will find a nobler Hearſe
Adorns their Duſt, built up in *Cleaveland*'s Verſe,
Thus like Fames hollow Trumpe, his Verſe does ſpread
The Records of the living and the Dead,
So that ſucceeding Times, this Book ſhall ſtile
The Publick Repertorie of this Iſle.

* His *Rupertiſmus.*

S. *Johns* at *Cambridge.*

FINIS.